

BLACK FURY
N° 7

THE WONDER HORSE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

BLACK FURY

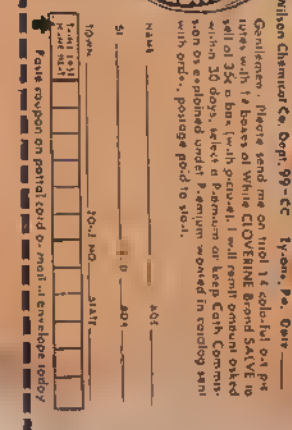
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**WE GIVE YOU CASH
OR PREMIUMS!**



BLACK FURY



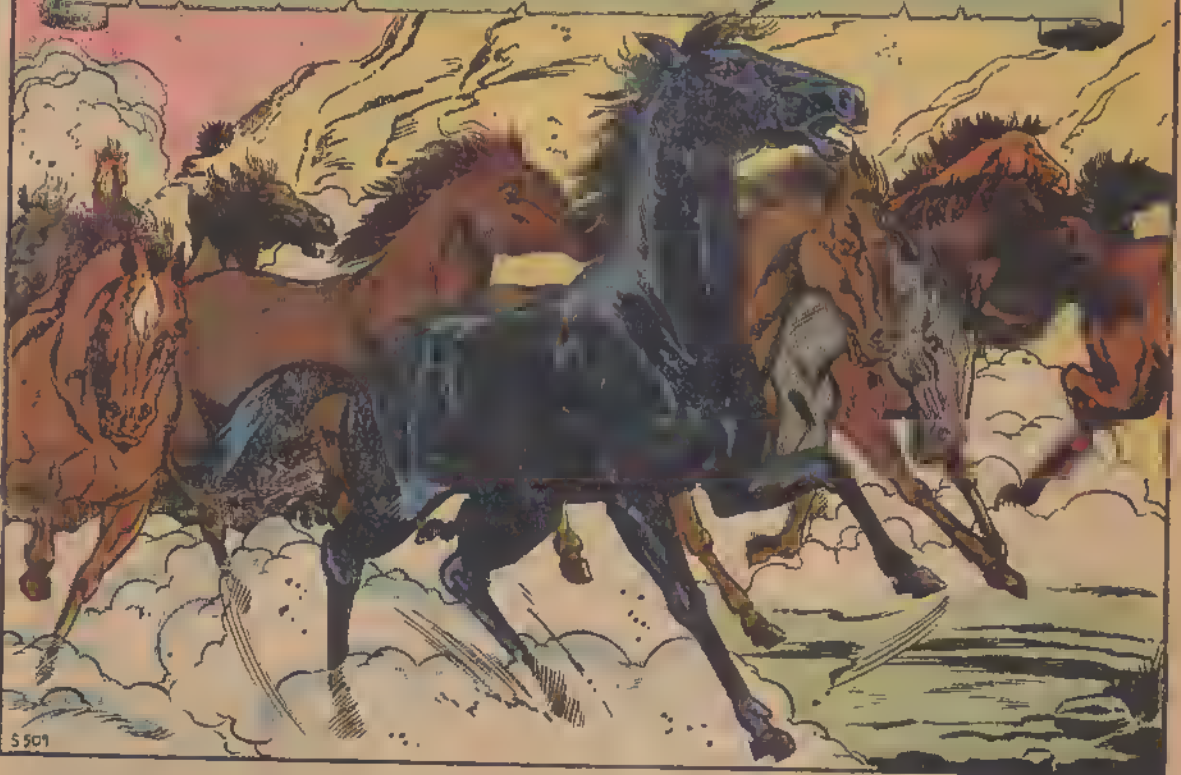
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Alfred P. Figg Executive Editor

BLACK FURY

TWO OF A KIND

NO FINER STALLION EVER HERDED A MANADA OVER THE RANGE! HE WAS LIGHTNING WRAPPED IN HORSEFLESH -- AND HIS HOOFBEATS DRUMMED THUNDER! HE HAUNTED THE DREAMS OF EVERY MUSTANGER WHO HAD EVER GLIMPSED HIM! HE WAS... **BLACK FURY!**



MARK MY WORDS... BLACK FURY'S ONE MUSTANG THAT'LL NEVER BE CAUGHT!

HMPF... LUKE BLEAR CATCHES 'EM ALL!



SEE MY ROAN? THERE WAS A TIME WHEN FOLKS WERE SAYIN' THE SAME THING ABOUT HIM! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THIS HERE MUSTANGER GOT AFTER...

HEY, WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT, STRANGER?



BLACK FURY

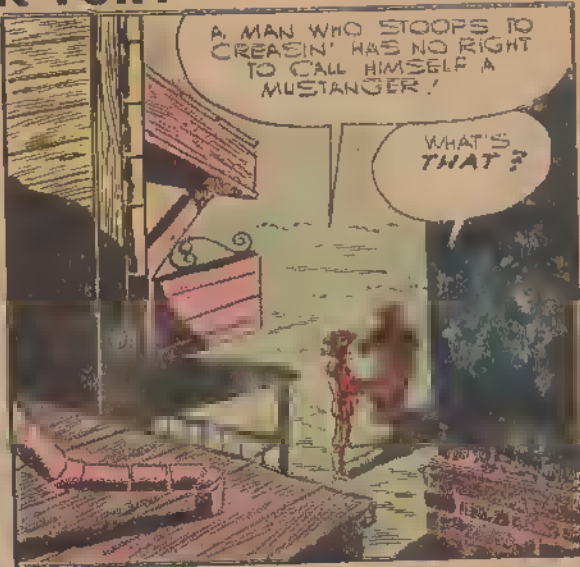
CREASED HIM... DIDN'T YOU / THE BULLET MARK'S STILL ON HIS NECK! IF YOU'D HIT HIM JUST A MITE TO THE SIDE, YOU'D HAVE KILLED HIM!

SO WHAT? CREASIN' IS HOW I CATCH ALL MY HORSES! AND IF MORE GET KILLED THAN STUNNED... WHO'S TO CRY OVER LUMPS OF WILD HORSE-FLESH?



A MAN WHO STOOPS TO CREASIN' HAS NO RIGHT TO CALL HIMSELF A MUSTANGER!

WHAT'S THAT?



NOBODY CAN TALK TO LUKE BLEAR THAT WAY! WHY, I'LL...



BEST DROP THAT FIST! I FEEL THE SAME ABOUT MEN AS ABOUT HORSES. DON'T LIKE TO HURT THEM UNLESS I NEED TO!



BUT WHEN THE NEED ARISES, I'M READY AND ABLE!



WHO IS HE?

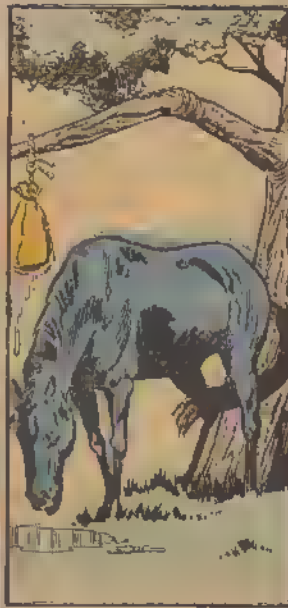
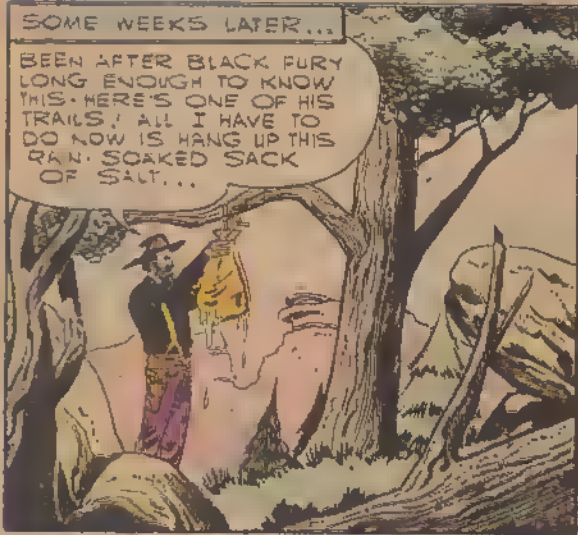
NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE! HE'S A STRANGER IN TOWN!



STRANGER -- HUH? WAL, THAT STRANGER BETTER NOT CROSS ME AGAIN... EITHER BEFORE OR AFTER I CATCH BLACK FURY!



BLACK FURY



AMAZING PRECISION MINIATURE SECRET CAMERA

Takes secret pictures! Easily carried in the palm of your hand

only 2 1/2 x 1 1/2"



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Any book, paper, or document you'd like to have an outline of? Just take out a pack of cigarettes and snap away. It's simple. Your camera is inside. There's lots of other clever ways too.



Your girl friend and other bathing beauties will all rejoice in their natural pose and make a great pin-up collection. Through a paper is just one of the many ways to use about it.

A precision built camera that is so amazingly small it is less than 1/2 the size of a regular pack of cigarettes and can be taken everywhere you go. It weighs only 2 1/2 ounces and is solid all metal construction with chrome trim. It's got a professional eye level view finder and a single action 1/25th second and time exposure shutter with a precision ground lens that assures you a clear, sharp instantaneous picture. It takes ten pictures per roll on low cost film (standard 16 MM). Makes for beautiful enlargements. So compact and precision made, it can be hidden anywhere and takes true-to-life "spy" pictures that should really provide you with loads of fun and interest. Only \$1.98 complete with a free roll of film. Don't delay! Order now.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

We know you'll have so much fun and excitement with your Secret Camera that we offer it to you at 10 Days Free Trial. Use it and if you're not 100% delighted with its performance, return to us and your money will be refunded in full.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP. Dept. A-68
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☐ I enclose payment. Same Money Back Guarantee.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a 10c extra postage.
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 Address: _____

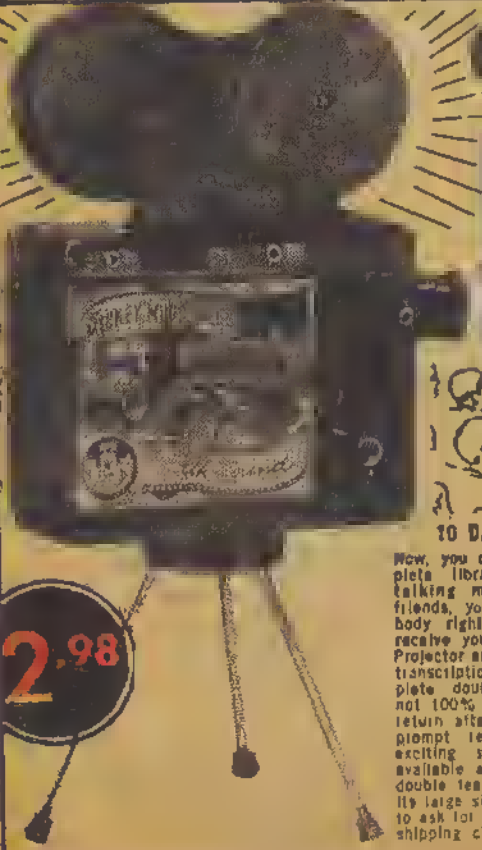
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Now, you can show a complete library of exciting talking movies to your friends, your family, everybody right at home. You receive your Mickey Mouse Projector and Theatre, sound transcription and 2 complete double features. If not 100% delighted simply return after 10 days for a prompt refund. Additional exciting sound films are available at just 30c for a double feature. Because of its large size we are forced to ask for an additional 36c shipping charge.

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 Rush my Mickey Mouse Sound Projector and Theatre with 2 double feature films at once. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return it after 10 Days Free Trial for prompt refund.
☐ I enclose \$2.98 plus 36c shipping charges.
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BLACK FURY

DID YOU SEE THAT? HE WAS STANDIN' THERE, JUST LIKE HE WAS LISTENIN'... BUT THE SPLIT-SECOND YOU SAID YOU WERE GOIN' AFTER HIM, HE WHEELED AWAY!

BLACK FURY'S BRAINY! IT WON'T BE EASY CATCHIN' HIM!




BUT I'LL HAVE TO DO IT--TO SAVE HIM FROM VARMINTS LIKE YOU!

YOU AIN'T SEEN THE LAST OF LUKE BLEAR... NOT BY A LONG SHOT!



A FULL MONTH LATER...

WITH A MUSTANGER RIDIN' SO STEADY BEHIND HIM, ANOTHER STALLION WOULD HAVE KEPT CIRCLIN' TILL CAUGHT, BUT BLACK FURY'S MOVED HIS MANADA TO A NEW RANGE!



ONLY TROUBLE IS I KNOW THIS NEW RANGE LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND... KNOW EVERY LAST WATERIN' HOLE IN IT! SO EVERY HOLE BUT ONE WILL HAVE A PIECE OF SADDLE BLANKET FLYIN' NEXT TO IT!




THE SMELL OF THOSE BLANKET PIECES WILL MAKE BLACK FURY VEER AWAY FROM THOSE OTHER WATERIN' HOLES! SOONER OR LATER, HE'LL HAVE TO COME HERE -- THE ONLY ONE WITHOUT MAN-SCENT!



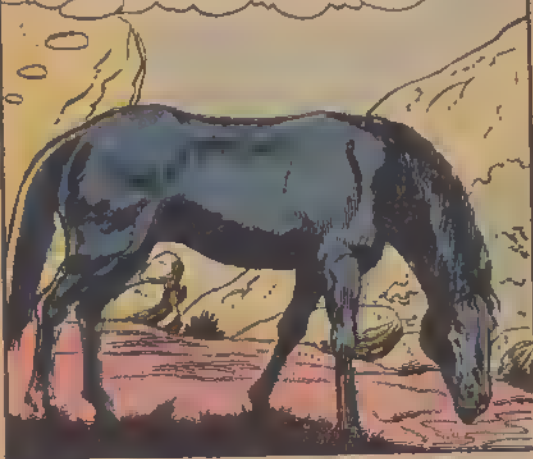
LATER...

UH-OH... HERE HE COMES! HE'S ALONE, HE'S SCOUTIN' THE HOLE TO SEE IF IT'S SAFE FOR HIS MANADA! GOOD THING I'M DOWN-WIND...

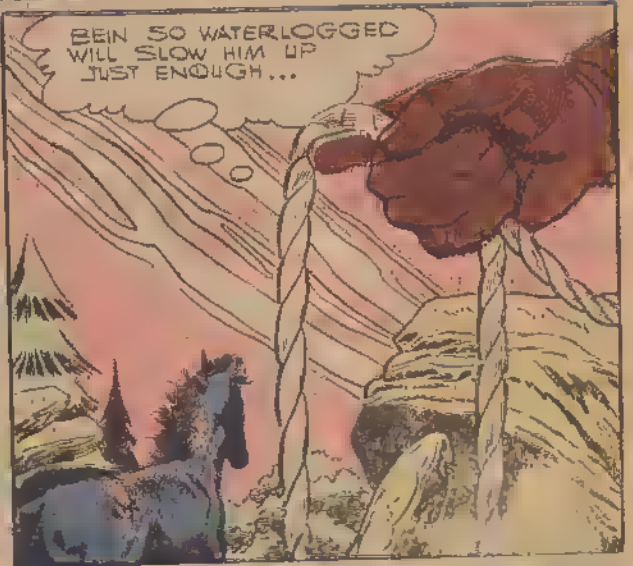


BLACK FURY

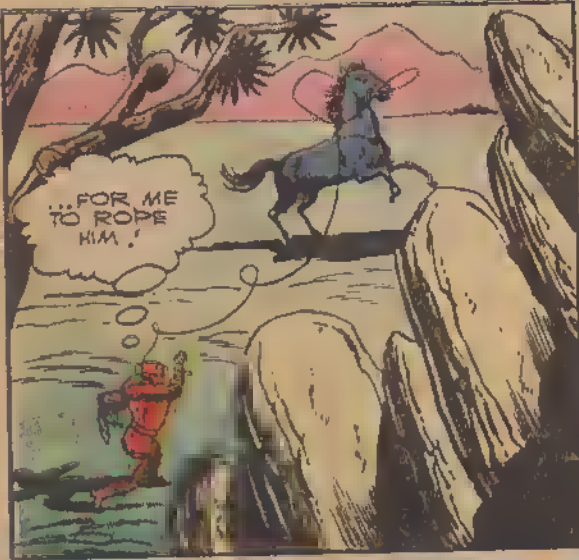
HE'S REAL THIRSTY! HE'S
DRINKIN' A BELLYFUL BEFORE
CALLIN' HIS MANADA DOWN!



BEIN SO WATERLOGGED
WILL SLOW HIM UP
JUST ENOUGH...



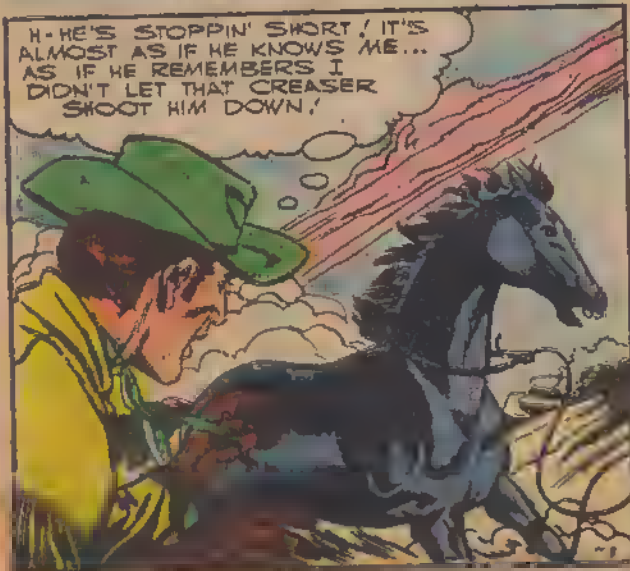
...FOR ME
TO ROPE
HIM!



HEY... HE'S NOT RUNNIN' TO THE
END OF THE ROPE! HE'S
COMIN' RIGHT FOR
ME, INSTEAD!



H- HE'S STOPPIN' SHORT! IT'S
ALMOST AS IF HE KNOWS ME...
AS IF HE REMEMBERS I
DIDN'T LET THAT CREASER
SHOOT HIM DOWN!



JUST THEN...

I THOUGHT YOU'D
SCARED ME OFF
DIDN'T YOU,
STRANGER?



BLACK FURY



BUT I'VE BEEN FOLLOWIN' YOU ALL THIS TIME ... JUST WAITIN' TILL I COULD GET YOU AN' THAT BLAMED HORSE TOGETHER!



SUDDENLY...

ER-AUGH!
RRR-EEEE!

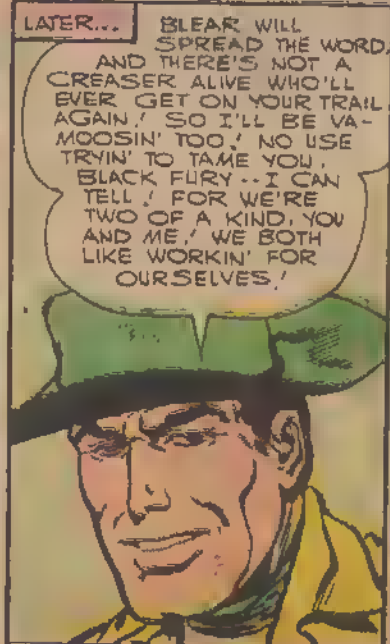


HEY!

WHAT A HORSE! BLACK FURY'S SNICKER WAS THE SIGNAL FOR HIS MANADA TO RUSH DOWN TO HIS WATERIN' HOLE, AN' THERE'S NOthin' FOR A GALLOPIN' HERD OF MARES TO LET A MAN LOOK AWAY!



...NOR LIKE A FIST TO PUT HIM TO SLEEP!



LATER... BLEAR WILL SPREAD THE WORD, AND THERE'S NOT A CREASER ALIVE WHO'LL EVER GET ON YOUR TRAIL AGAIN! SO I'LL BE VA-MOOSIN' TOO! NO USE TRYIN' TO TAME YOU, BLACK FURY--I CAN TELL! FOR WE'RE TWO OF A KIND, YOU AND ME, WE BOTH LIKE WORKIN' FOR OURSELVES!



THE END

BLACK FURY

ROAMING THE PLAINS AT THE HEAD OF HIS HERD, THE MAGNIFICENT BLACK FURY RULED ALL HE SURVEYED! FREE AS THE WIND WAS HE, DEFYING EVERY TRICK OF MAN WHO TRIED TO BRIDLE! BUT EVEN BLACK FURY HAD ONE WEAKNESS, THAT HAD BEEN BORN OF THE KINDNESS OF LITTLE HAWK, AND IT WAS THAT ONE WEAKNESS THAT SAM BAXTER PLANNED TO USE TO HIS OWN ADVANTAGE!



LITTLE HAWK, THE SON OF CHIEF RED FEATHER, HAD BEEN COMING TO THE FLAT ROCK ABOVE THE PLATEAU FOR THREE YEARS! THERE HE WOULD STAND, AND WHISTLE, AND OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF THE PLAINS A BEAUTIFUL BLACK HORSE WOULD COME TO HIM...



LITTLE HAWK WAS HIGHLY PRIVILEGED AND HE KNEW IT WELL! BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, WHERE IN ALL THE WEST COULD ONE FIND ANOTHER BOY WHO COULD TALK THE LANGUAGE A HORSE COULD UNDERSTAND?

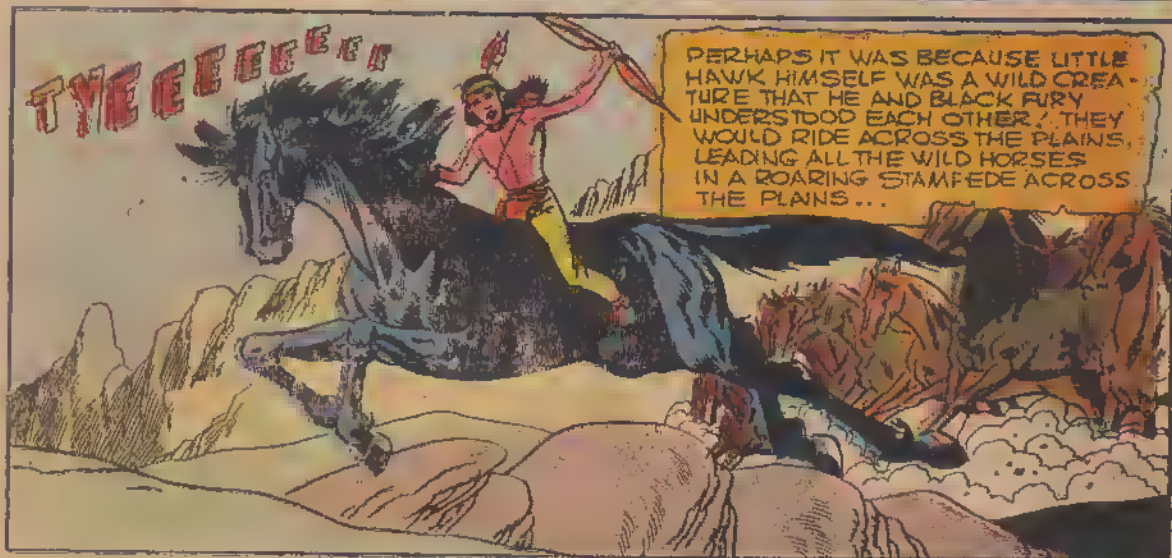


BLACK FURY

THEY UNDER-STOOD EACH OTHER, SO THAT WHEN LITTLE HAWK SPRANG ASTRIDE THE GREAT BLACK CHARGER, THEY WERE IN COMPLETE ACCORD WITH ONE ANOTHER...



AND LITTLE HAWK WOULD RIDE ACROSS THE PLAINS TOWARD WILD HORSE CANYON...



PERHAPS IT WAS BECAUSE LITTLE HAWK HIMSELF WAS A WILD CREATURE THAT HE AND BLACK FURY UNDERSTOOD EACH OTHER. THEY WOULD RIDE ACROSS THE PLAINS, LEADING ALL THE WILD HORSES IN A ROARING STAMPEDE ACROSS THE PLAINS...

BUT ONE DAY, SAM BAXTER, A HORSE TRADER, WATCHED...

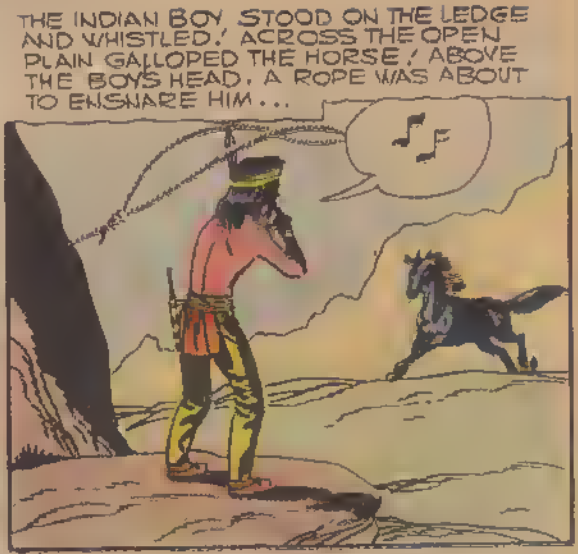


IF WE CAPTURE BLACK FURY, WE'D HAVE THE WHOLE HERD--BUT HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO GET HIM, WHISTLE TO HIM?

NOPE! I AIM TO LET THE BOY DO THE WHISTUN'! USTEN, I'VE GOT A SCHEME...

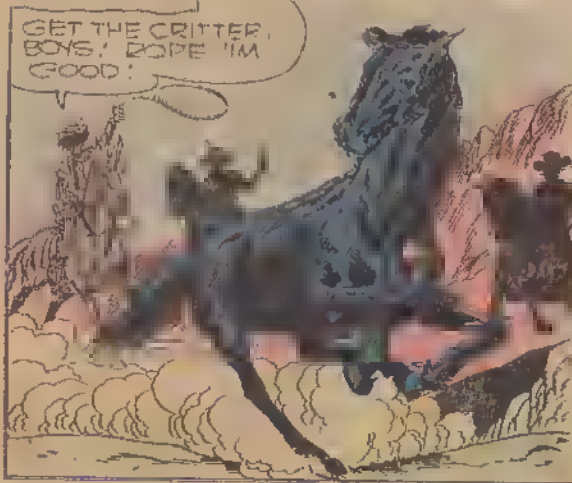


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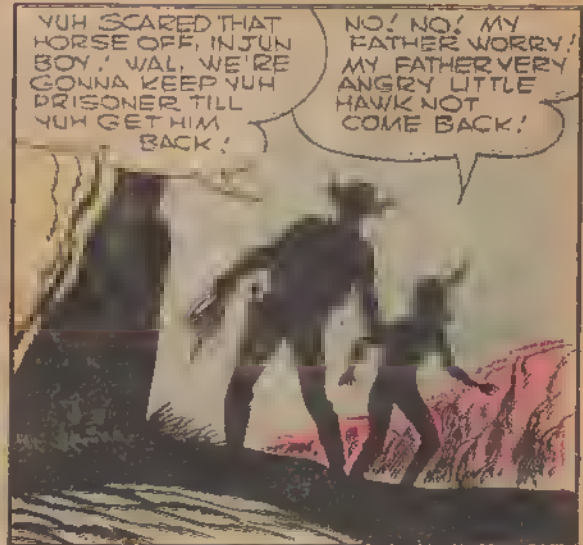
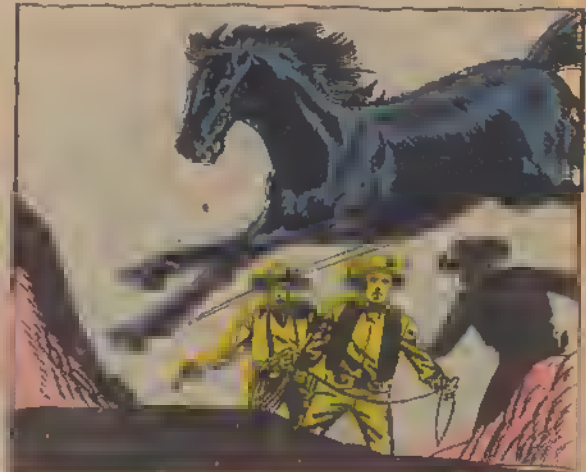


BLACK FURY

THE HORSE SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND THE BOY'S WARNING! BUT AS THE ANIMAL TURNED...



IN A MIGHTY LEAP, HOWEVER, THE GREAT BLACK HORSE SPRANG INTO THE AIR-- CLEARING HIS WOULD-BE CAPTORS...



LITTLE HAWK WAS TAKEN INTO THE HILLS! THERE HE WAS TIED AND MADE TO SLEEP ON THE BARE GROUND! HE WAS FRIGHTENED, BUT LIKE A GOOD SON OF RED FEATHER, HE DID NOT LET HIS CAPTORS KNOW IT...



BLACK FURY

WHAT NO ONE KNEW WAS THAT BLACK FURY HAD FOLLOWED THE TRAIL THE MEN HAD TAKEN! SOME DEEP SENSE TOLD HIM WHERE TO GO, AND WHEN HE HAD COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, HE KNEW JUST HOW FAINTLY TO WHINNY OVER THE STILL NIGHT AIR...



IT IS BLACK FURY! I HEAR HIM CALL!



LITTLE HAWK GAVE A LOW WHISTLE, SO LOW THAT NONE OF THE MEN SLEEPING NEARBY, WERE AWAKENED...



A FEW MINUTES LATER... HERE I AM, BLACK FURY! QUIET, DON'T WAKE UP WHITE MEN!



BLACK FURY BENT HIS NOSE TO THE ROPE, AND SHARP TEETH BROKE THE STRANDS LIKE PIECES OF GRASS...



BUT JUST AS LITTLE HAWK SPRANG ASTRIDE THE HORSE...

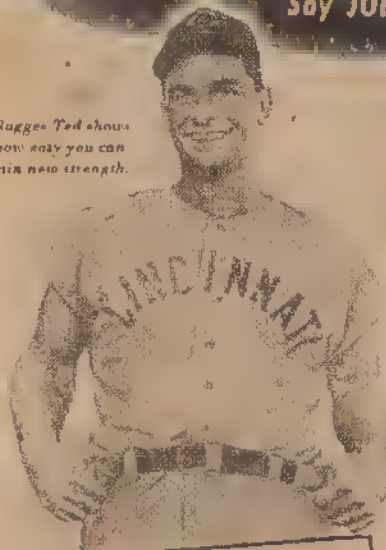
LOOK! GET UP, YOU MEN! GET 'EM!



"WE'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T.N.T IN YOUR FISTS"

Say **JOE LOUIS** and **TED KLUSZEWSKI**

Sluggo Ted shows how easy you can gain new strength.



Let Champions give you power and confidence... they promise solid new muscles in 10 days

I wish you could come with Ted and me to Lou Stillman's famous training headquarters... see for yourself how the Champions build their bodies and keep physically fit. It's easy to do and lots of fun!

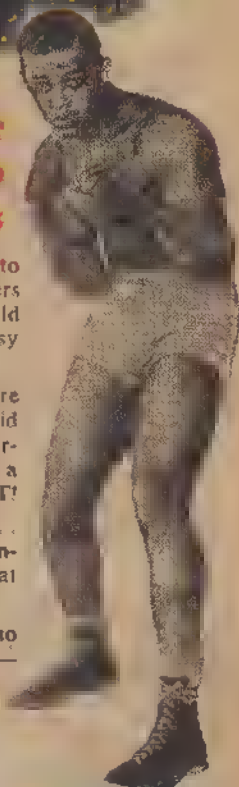
Are you fat and flabby? Watch Ted show his sizzle method to remove fat. Tired and nervous? See Kid Gavilan's tested plan to liven you up. Want power-ful shoulders? Football star Doak Walker has a proven body builder that gives you results... **FAST!**

If you want to be a star athlete or look like one... let these great Stars and me help you. Just 15 minutes a day makes you a real man — no matter what your size. Find out by mailing the coupon.

I'll send you my "Fight Secrets" for just 10c — so that you'll be sure to write me. Get off the bench — into the game. Send me the coupon right now!

Sincerely,

Joe Louis



Are You...

- Weak • Skinny
- Fat and Flabby
- Always Being Picked On?

Act Now... LET THESE CHAMPIONS POINT YOUR WAY TO ATHLETIC GLORY



BOB COUSY shows you how to sharpen your reflexes and develop stamina—no matter what your size—for basketball... handball... **IN LITTLE TIME.**



YOGI BERRA the American League's most valuable player, builds up your confidence... **LOTS OF FUN.**

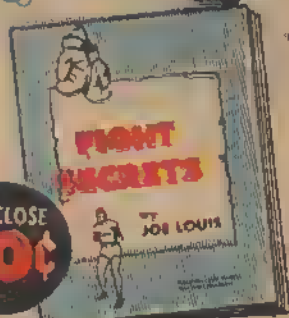


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KID GAVILAN reveals his secrets of split-second timing... increases your resistance to fatigue with his tested training camp workout... **WORKS WONDERS.**

Win new popularity. Guaranteed to add solid inches to your chest. Easy... **At Home... In less than 15 minutes a day!**



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Dear Joe:

- ☐ Please send me absolutely **FREE** a full and complete explanation of how the National Sports Council can build me the right kind of body.
- ☐ Enclosed is 10c. Please include your famous book **FIGHT SECRETS.**

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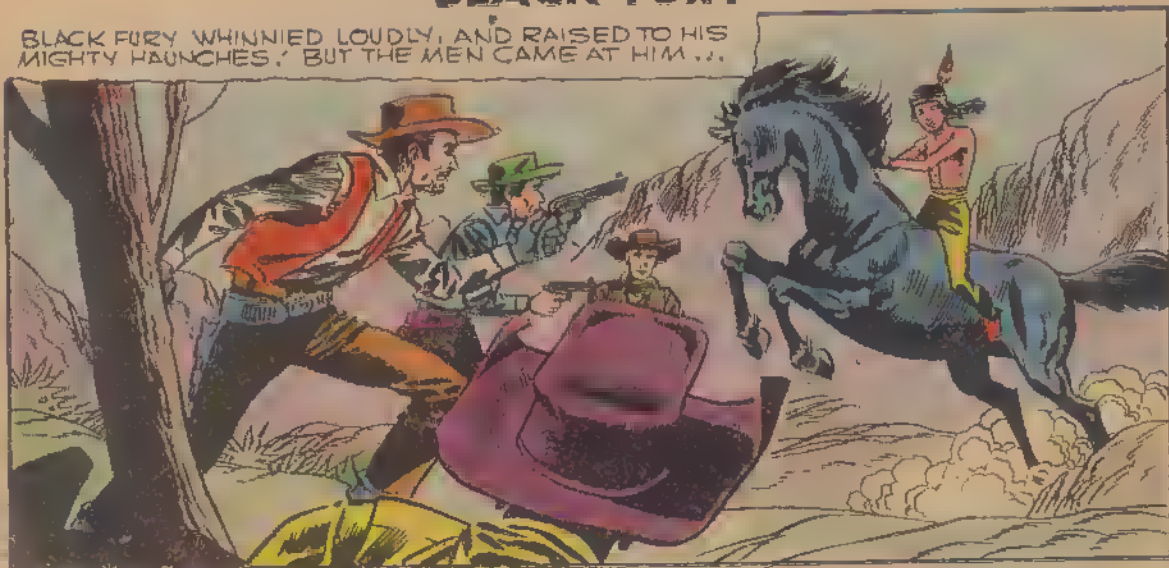
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BLACK FURY

BLACK FURY WHINNIED LOUDLY, AND RAISED TO HIS MIGHTY HAUNCHES, BUT THE MEN CAME AT HIM...



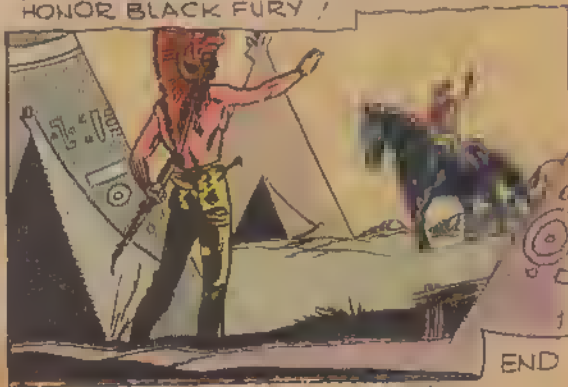
WHA --
HELP!

HELP, NOTHING
SAM! I'VE SEEN
ENOUGH OF THAT
HORSE FOR A
LIFE TIME!

LITTLE HAWK
SPOKE TO
THE HORSE
AND THE
ANIMAL GAVE
AN ORDER
TO THE HERD!
SOON THEY
WERE FREE
OF THE
ENEMY...WHO
HAD NOW
NO STOMACH
FOR CHASING
FURTHER
AFTER
BLACK
FURY AND
HIS
BAND...



THE SUN WAS UP WHEN THE GREAT BLACK
WONDER HORSE BORE HIS CHARGE INTO
THE INDIAN CAMP! ALREADY THE CHIEF
WAS PREPARING TO SEARCH FOR HIS
SON! LITTLE HAWK ANSWERED HIS
FATHER'S GREETING! SOON HE WOULD
TELL ALL THE BRAVES ABOUT HIS EX-
PERIENCE AND SOLEMNLY THEY WOULD
HONOR BLACK FURY!



END

BLACK FURY

**PISTOL PACKING
PATTIE -- DEW TELL!**



IT'S REALLY RAINING HARD NOW!
I MAY AS WELL TAKE SHELTER UNDER
THE HOTEL PORCH ROOF UNTIL IT
LETS UP!

HOTEL

OH, OH, LOOK WHO'S THERE...
THAT BIG MOUTH FROM
CALIFORNIA! NOW I SUPPOSE
I'LL HAVE TO LISTEN TO
HIM TELLING EVERYONE
HOW MUCH GREATER
CALIFORNIA IS
THAN ANYWHERE
ELSE!



DOGGONE IT,
DOESN'T IT EVER
DO ANYTHING
ELSE 'ROUND
HYAR BUT
RAIN?

HUH? THIS
IS ONLY
THE SECOND
TIME IT'S
RAINED THIS
MONTH!



(SIGH) I RECKON THAR'S
JEST NO PLACE LIKE
CALIFORNIA!
IT NEVER
RAINS THAR!

AW, STOP
EXAGGERA-
TING!



EXAGGERATING
NOTHING! THAT'S
THE TRUTH! THEY
NEVER HAVE RAIN
IN CALIFORNIA,
ER, ONLY DEW!

ONLY DEW, EH?
WELL, ALL I
KNOW IS THAT
WHEN I WAS
IN CALIFORNIA...

... I STEPPED OUT OF MY
HOTEL ONE MORNING
AND ALMOST **DROWNED**
IN THE **DEW!**

HA, HA! THAT'S
SHUTTING HIM
UP, PATTIE!

GULP!!!



KILLER WOLF



THE MOUNTAIN BLIZZARD fell steadily for three days and three nights.

When the last white flakes swirled lazily to the ground, the North Sierras were covered with a thick blanket of snow. So deep were the great drifts that it seemed almost impossible to move over the slopes without becoming hopelessly bogged down.

But this was the time that rancher Jeff Creighton picked to set out in search of Black Lobo—the killer wolf!

He strapped his snowshoes on tightly, adjusted a heavy pack on his back, and lifted his well-oiled pump gun. Then he swung out onto the trail that led up into the mountains, in search of the savage wolf that had terrorized his herds for the past five years—and that, a week before, had wantonly slain a dozen head of cattle.

"—a dozen of my best stock," the rancher grunted angrily. "It's time that I finished him off! Once I catch sight of him, in this snow, I'll follow his trail until I get within gunshot. And then—goodbye, Lobo!"

JEFF CREIGHTON was not the first man to have his heart set on slaying Black Lobo. For years, the giant, midnight-black wolf had infuriated every shepherd and ranchman in the Sierra Valley. Again and again they had set out to hunt him down! But the crafty, scarred Black Lobo was too wise for his human enemies.

His followers, the gray wolves that hunted in his pack, might be slain—but not he! Again and again he slipped past traps, ignored poison baits, Red just out of gunshot. Veteran of a thousand sneak raids, a hundred battles with challengers, he was not to be caught easily.

"Not easily," Jeff Creighton muttered, striding over the hillside. "But I'll catch him! I'll get him if it's the last thing I do!"

But as the days passed, he became less hopeful. Three times, he found wolf tracks in the snow. But none of them had been made by the broad pads of the tremendous lobo! A few times he saw wild horses outlined against the skies on the lofty Sierra slopes, but he was not looking for mustangs this trip!

At last, fate took a hand in the chase! So intent was Creighton on the search, that he did not notice a steep drop in the incline. All at once, the rancher's feet seemed to fall away beneath him. He slid down and plunged beneath the surface of the snow, disappearing up to his waist. At the same moment, he heard a metallic click and felt a vise-like grip close on his leg!

Desperately he tried to pull loose. But it was useless. His leg was held, deep in the snow.

"A TRAP!" Creighton's face twisted. "We set traps out in this section for Black Lobo during the fall—and this was one the boys didn't bring in!"

Hopelessly, he looked about him. His rifle lay two yards away on the surface of the snow. He strained to reach it again and again, but in vain.

"If I had it," he husked to himself, "I could defend myself, and maybe pry the trap loose. But without it—"

Without the rifle, the rancher was helpless! His thick trousers and heavy boots protected him from the trap's sharp teeth. But he was doomed to be held there in the snow, held until hunger and cold drained away his life!

MEANWHILE, on a mountainside a scant mile away, another gripping drama was being enacted.

For the past month, Red Roan, king of the wild horses, had been pasturing his herd on the Sierra slopes. When the great snow hit, the graceful scarlet stallion had kept his herd together, huddled against the lashing flakes. When the snow stopped Red Roan realized that there would be little fodder to be had, so he decided to lead his charges down into the valley.

Starting down, the colts and mares found the deep drifts hard going. But, urged on by Red Roan's imperious leadership and by their own hunger, they fought their way gamely through the snow.

Suddenly, Red Roan's head arched back nervously.

His nostrils probed the wind, and his great

dark eyes searched the surrounding slopes. There, moving across the face of a nearby mountain was what he had feared! It was timber wolf pack, led by the giant Black Lobo. For weeks, Red Roan had known they were in the mountains! But he had been confident that he could fight them off . . . or outrun them. But now, hampered by the deep anows, the herd of wild horses would be practically at the mercy of the vicious wolves!

AT that moment, the wolf leader's yellow, glowing eyes sighted the wild horse herd! "AA-Oooooooooo!"

A throaty, menace-filled howl echoed and re-echoed through the mountains as Black Lobo sprang forward toward the herd of mustangs. Baying fiercely, his gray followers raced after him.

At once, Red Roan whinnied a desperate command.

With all his might, he lunged away through the snow, toward the safety that lay in the valley below. The herd followed him, mares and colts alike. But their long legs caught in the clinging drifts, and they could not make much headway, especially the younger colts.

Seeing this, Red Roan moved to the rear of the herd. There, as the first wolves came hurtling to the attack, he waited.

On they came, long fangs slavering, hungry eyes glittering! Red Roan reared back. Neighing angrily, he struck forward with the speed of a rattlesnake. A big timber wolf was flung broken to the snow! But Black Lobo eluded the stallion's hoofs and got in a slashing attack at his flank before he darted away.

The herd floundered on through the snow as Red Roan desperately kept up the rear guard defense. But now more and more wolves were coming up! It began to look as if all of the great red steed's efforts would be futile. Alone, he could never save the herd!

Then a strange thing happened!

As they fought their way along the slope, the wild horses came within yards of where Jeff Creighton stood, pinned by a steel trap in the deep snow.

Red Roan, battling furiously, holding back the wolves, scented the human that was so close to him.

From a corner of his great dark eyes, he saw the rifle, too, where it lay on the snow just out of reach of the man.

What happened after that might have been an accident or might have been intentional!

Moving backward an inch at a time, fighting

a horde of gray-furred demons, Red Roan suddenly pawed at the snow with his hoof. He caught the rifle that lay there with a scooping motion and knocked it a yard over the snow crust!

It slid over the snow and Jeff Creighton shouted, "The rifle! He's given it back to me!"

The rancher clutched the pump-gun, lifted it to his shoulder. The rifle barked! Once! Twice! Three times! At each shot, a wolf fell, his death snarl choking in his throat.

At this moment, Black Lobo, who had launched himself through the air in a death-assault on Red Roan, saw what was happening. Jaws writhing apart in fury, he swerved in a mighty leap toward the man who menaced his entire pack. The rancher whirled and brought up his gun again.

He pressed the trigger and the shot went true.

Black Lobo shuddered in mid-air and fell to the snow. Jeff Creighton put two more bullets in his carcass. Then he turned to the rest of the wolf pack. But they, cowards all, had seen their master slain, and they fled over the snowdrifts.

Only Red Roan and his wild horses stood there, trembling in every limb, bleeding from a dozen wounds.

Creighton thrust the gun butt down into the snow and wedged it into the steel jaws of the trap. Exerting all the strength in his broad shoulders, he heaved back, using the gun as a lever. The effort cut cruelly into his leg, but he suddenly heard a click, and felt the trap relax about his leg. He had broken the spring. He was free once more.

As the rancher looked up, he saw Red Roan and the herd slowly begin to move away through the snow. They were heading for the valley floor and, with Black Lobo slain, they would probably make it.

JEFF CREIGHTON smiled, and pulled himself up out of the snow.

He cupped his hands and shouted at the distant stallion, "Any time you're hungry, Red just drop around my ranch. I'll give you the biggest darn meal of hay and oats you and your gang have ever had! That's a standing invitation from a grateful cowboy!"

THE END

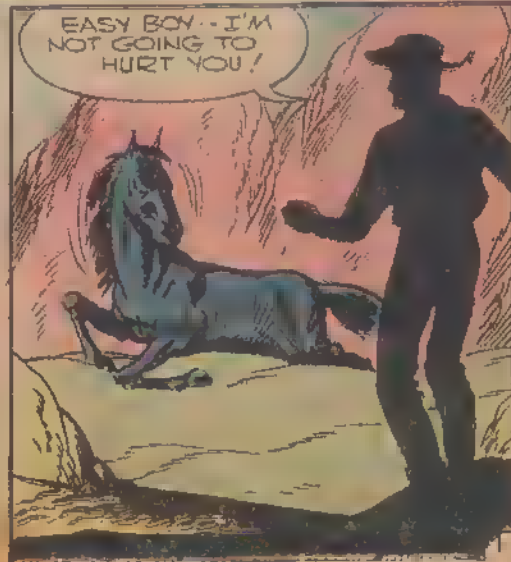
BLACK FURY

BLACK FURY

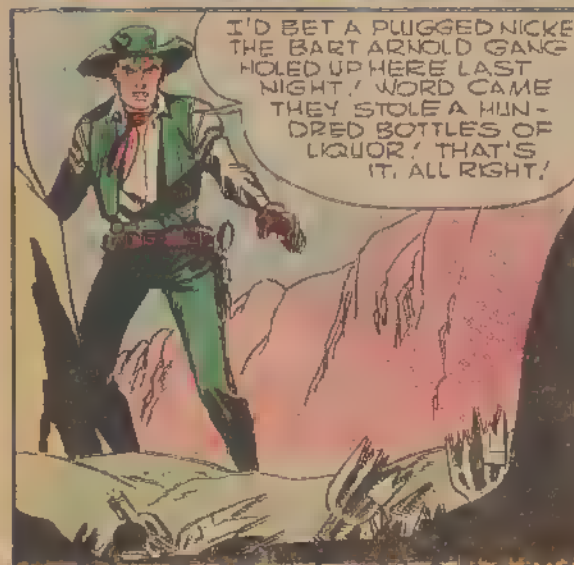
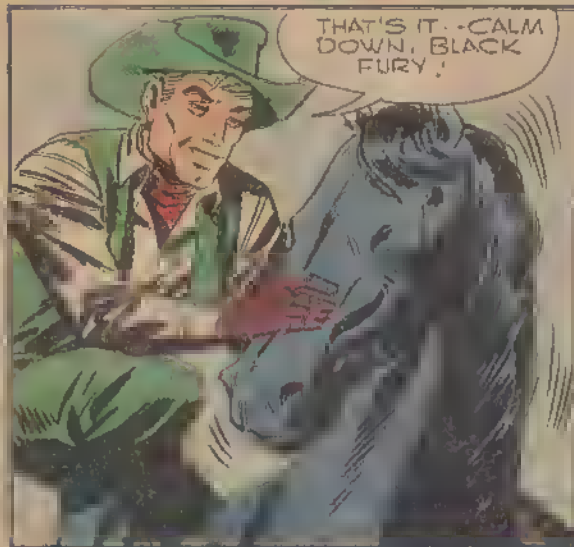
THE
in GLASS TRAIL



SHERIFF TOM LANGER HAD RECEIVED WORD THAT BART ARNOLD AND HIS GANG HAD HELD UP A SALOON AND HAD HEADED TOWARD GOLDVILLE! THE SHERIFF WAS LOOKING FOR SIGNS OF THE BANDITS, WHEN...



BLACK FURY

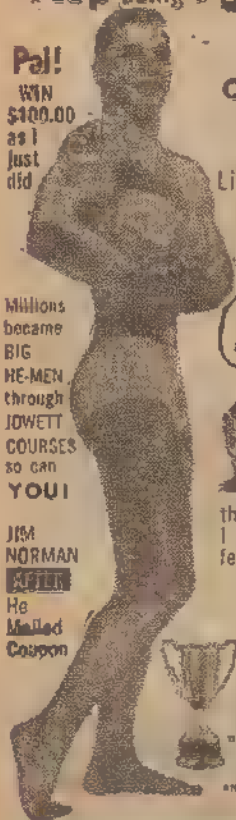


Stop being a **SKINNY** Weakling like I was →

Pal!
WIN
\$100.00
as I
just
did

Millions
became
BIG
HE-MEN
through
JOWETT
COURSES
so can
YOU!

JIM
NORMAN
AFTER
He
Mailed
Coupon



YOU CAN DO ALL I DID
IN 10 MINUTES of FUN A DAY
Quickly **GAIN 25 LBS.** of
HANDSOME, POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES all over! like I did.
Like me—IMPROVE your HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%!

WIN NEW STRENGTH!
WIN NEW POPULARITY!

Come on PAL, Now YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
In Your Own Home Like Jim Did
and I'll give you a NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME



NO! I don't care how skinny
or flabby you are I'll
make you OVER by the SAME
method I turned myself from
a wreck to the strongest of
the strong. Why can't I do for you what
I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny
fellows like you?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS
and CHEST. Your BACK and
SHOULDERS broadened. From
head to heels you'll gain SIZE,
POWER, SPEED. You'll be A
WINNER in EVERYTHING you
tackle.

YOU CAN
WIN
a BIG 15"
SILVER CUP
as I just did!
with YOUR
NAME
engraved on it!



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(Before)



Everybody
adores
Jim's build
NOW
He's a
WINNER
in ALL
SPORTS

I Mailed the Coupon
and got these

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PACKED**

He-Man Courses

Which YOU can NOW get

FREE

Before \$1 price
goes back

Millions Sold
for
\$3.00

2

MIGHTY ARM

3

MIGHTY BACK

4

MIGHTY GRIP

5

MIGHTY LEGS

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2. MUSCLE TIE 3. FIVE C. COURSES

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WIN \$100, etc.
Dept. CM-69

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Strongest
Man
- J. J. Griffin
President
Olympian

220 5TH AVE., NEW YORK 1, N.Y.
Dear George: Please mail me the FREE 5 picture Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Tie. Also 3 of the 5 HE-MAN BUILDING
Courses. I want to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back 5. How to Build a Mighty Leg. Now all in One
Volume. How to become a Mighty of Men! ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING inc. C.D.D. 65

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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

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EMPIRE
STAMPS

and illustrated booklet



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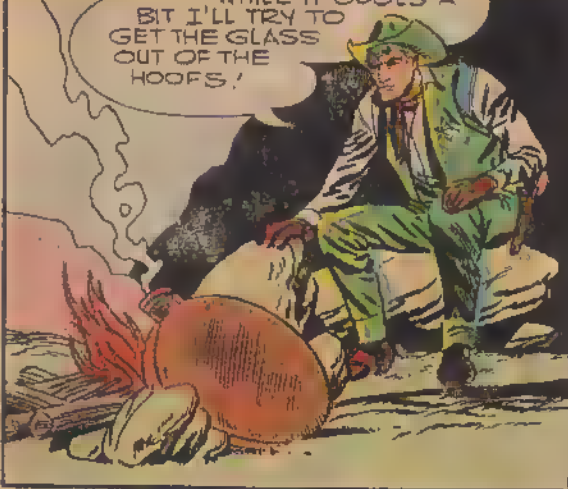
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RUSH TODAY! LIMITED OFFER!

BLACK FURY

THE SHERIFF BOILED THE WATER IN HIS CANTEEN...

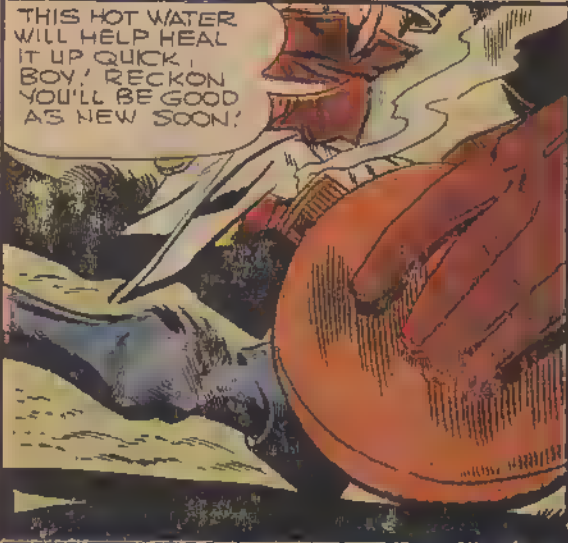
WHILE IT COOLS A BIT I'LL TRY TO GET THE GLASS OUT OF THE HOOF!



CAREFULLY TOM LANGER REMOVED THE GLASS PIECE BY PIECE...



THIS HOT WATER WILL HELP HEAL IT UP QUICK, BOY! RECKON YOU'LL BE GOOD AS NEW SOON!

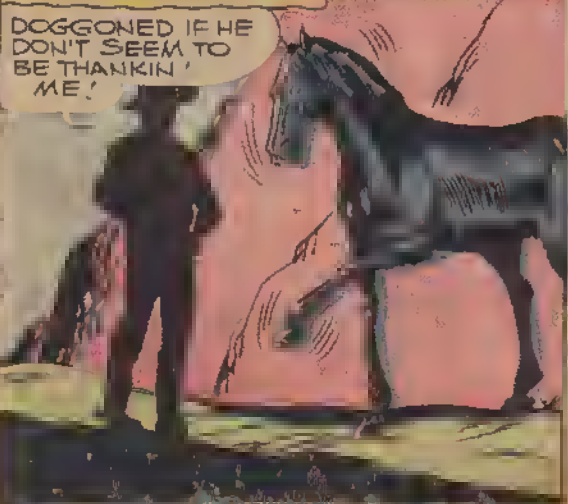


A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE GREAT HORSE ROSE...

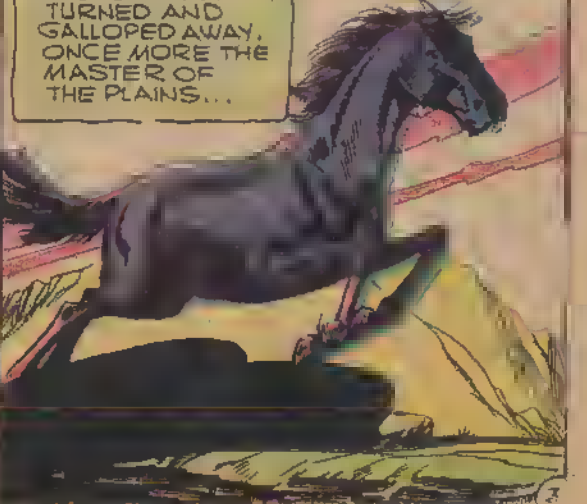


HE STOOD LOOKING AT THE SHERIFF FOR A MOMENT...

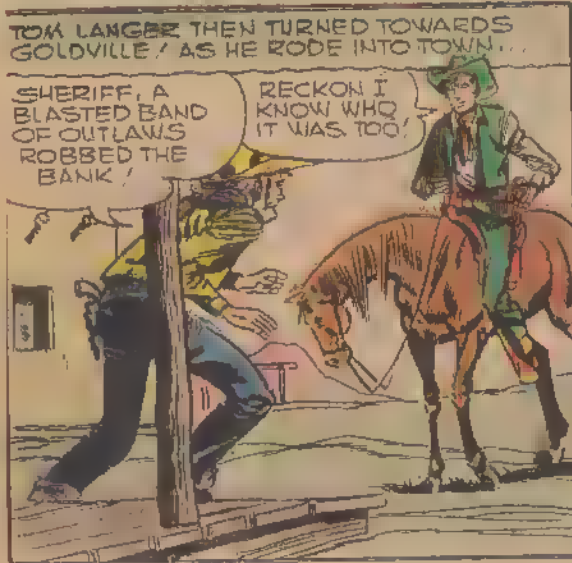
DOGGONED IF HE DON'T SEEM TO BE THANKIN' ME!



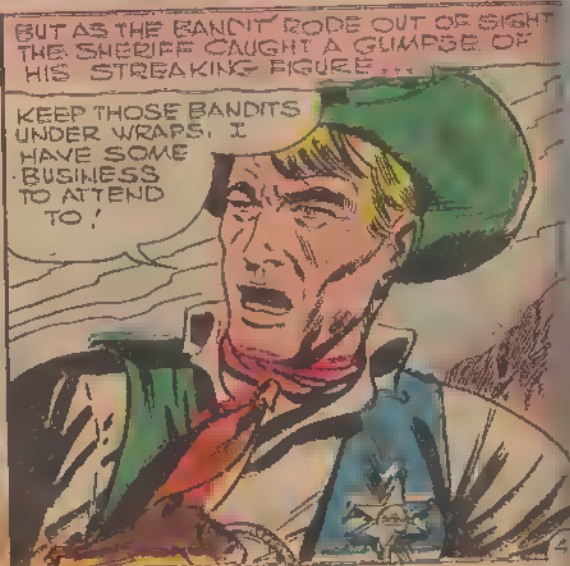
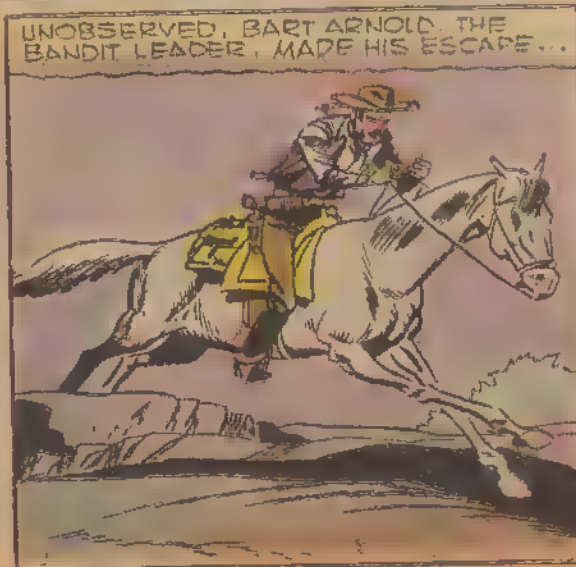
THE BLACK FURY TURNED AND GALLOPED AWAY, ONCE MORE THE MASTER OF THE PLAINS...



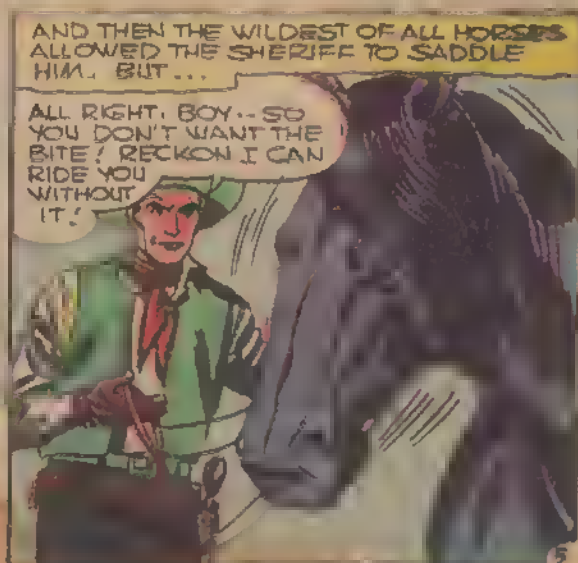
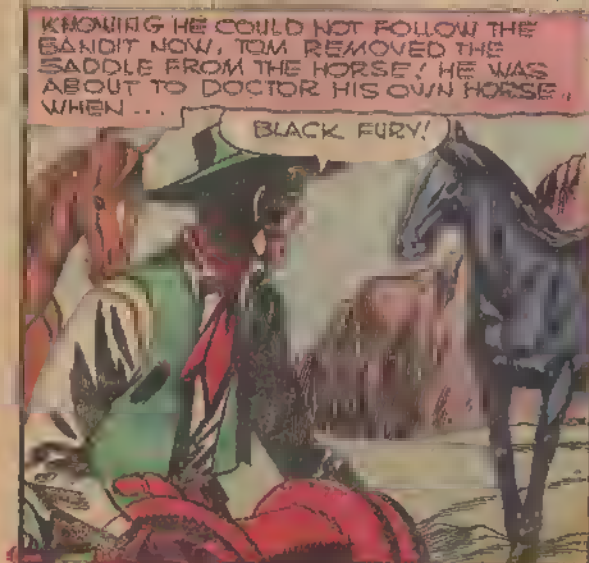
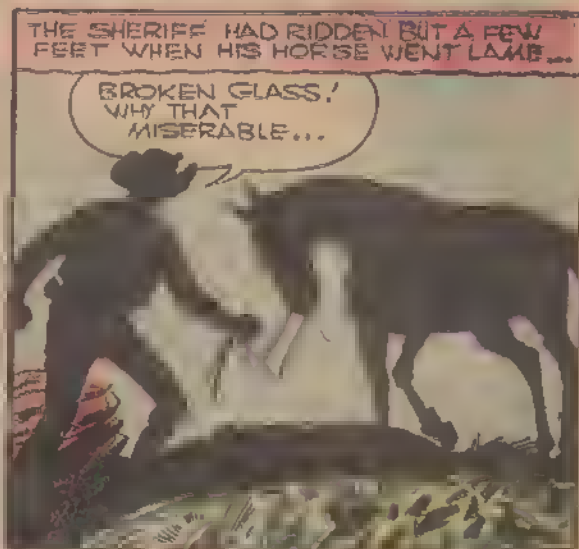
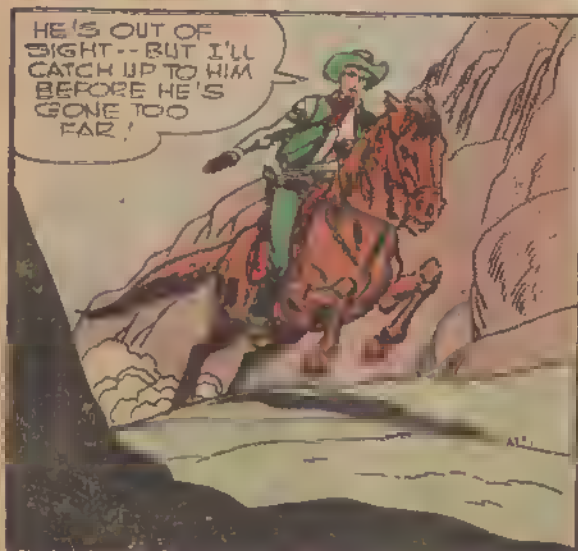
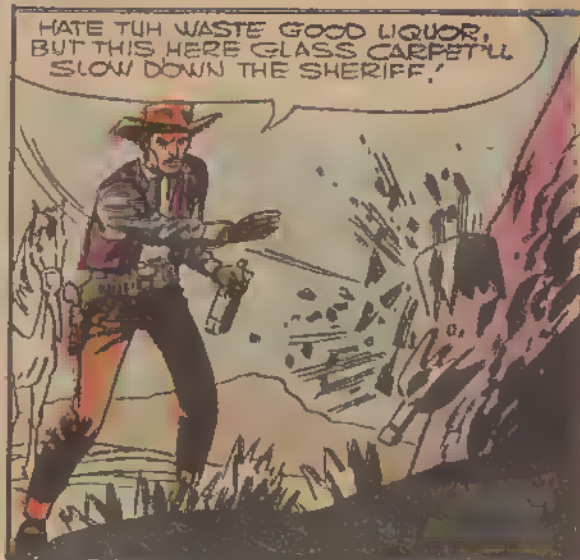
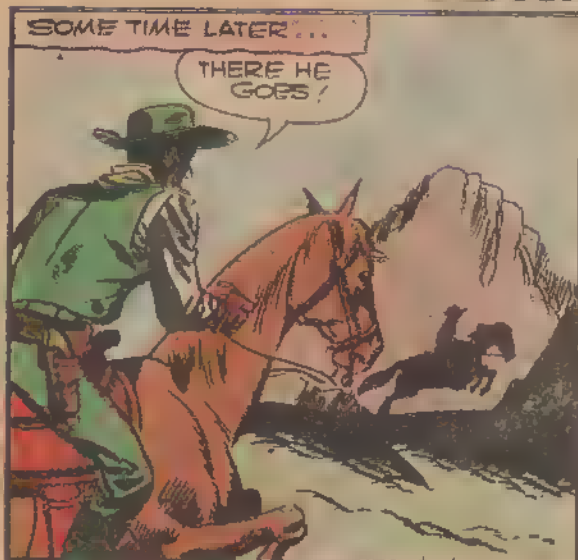
BLACK FURY



BY SUNDOWN THE SHERIFF HAD LED THE POSSE TO THE BANDIT HIDEOUT...

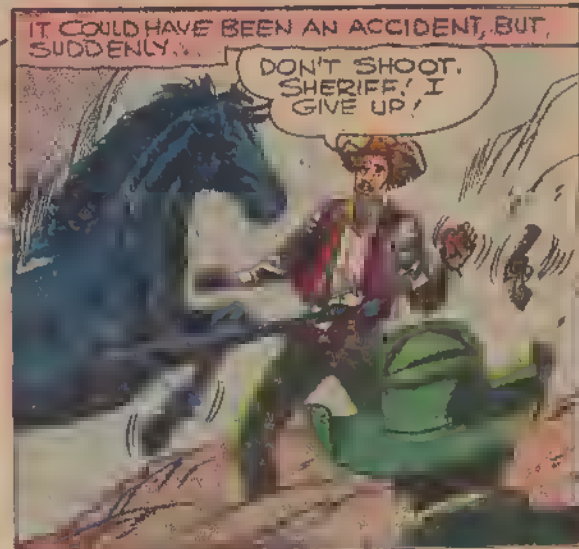
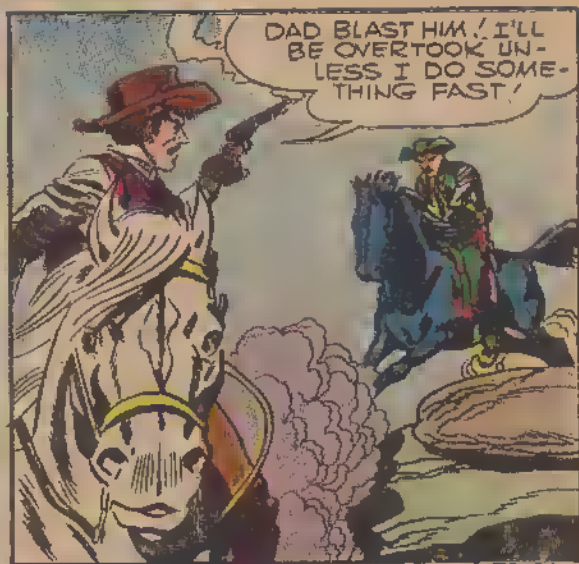


BLACK FURY

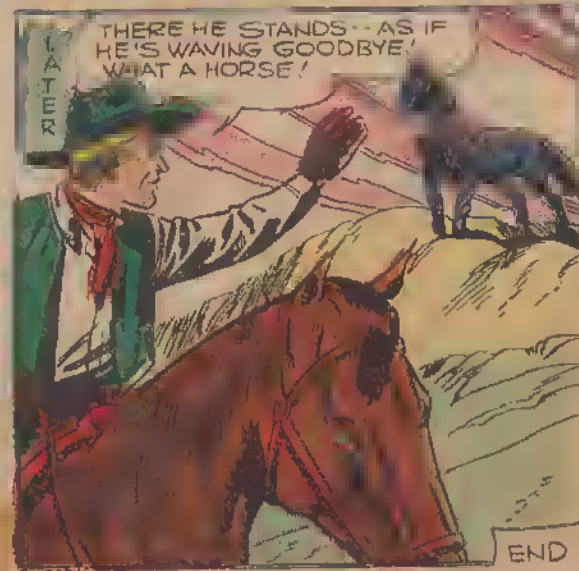


BLACK FURY

THE BLACK WONDER HORSE FLEW ALONG THE CANYON FLOOR, AS SURE-FOOTED ON THE ROCKY TRAIL AS IF HE WERE ACTUALLY IN AIR...



THE SHERIFF MET THE POSSE RETURNING TO GOLDVILLE WITH THE PRISONERS...



BLACK FURY

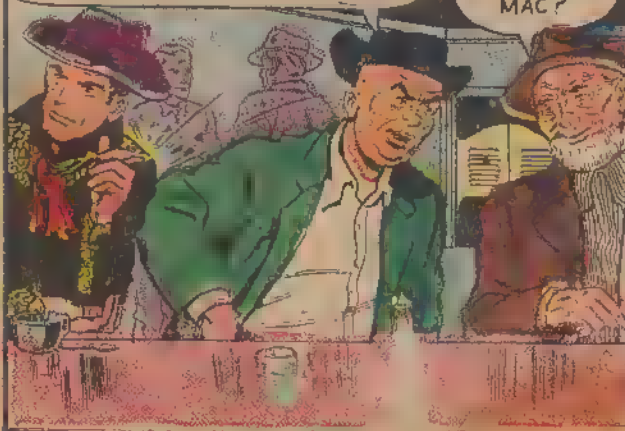
IF YOU WERE HALF OWNER OF A GOLD MINE THAT ASSAYED PURER THAN ANY IN THE WEST YOU MIGHT EXPECT SOME POLECAT TO FIRE AT YOU POINT-BLANK WITH HIS COLT, OR GET YOU FROM BEHIND WITH HIS WINCHESTER..... BUT YOU WOULDN'T EXPECT SUCH TREATMENT FROM AN HOMBRE IF THE TWO OF YOU WERE...

PARDNERS!



SURE... I'M BETWEEN JOBS,
'CAUSE I'M TIRED OF CHAPERONING
CATTLE ON A STINKING TWO-BY-
FOUR SPREAD! BESIDES... THE
ROUNDUPS ARE ALMOST OVER...

SO YOU'RE
OUTTA
WORK, EH...
**DOWN
AND OUT,
MAC?**



GET THAT GUN OUT OF MY RIBS,
COWBOY... YOU TRYIN'
TO BE FUNNY...?



BLACK FURY

OOPS! SORRY I ROUGHED YOU UP, FELLOW! YOU'VE GOT SHARP ELBOWS... I THOUGHT THAT WAS A COLT YOU WERE JABBIN' IN MY SIDE! HAVE A DRINK ON ME!

WELL... AWRIGHT!

I'M JESS BAILY... BORN IN MISSOURI... LIVE AT MY OWN LITTLE DIGGINGS NOW... THE **RED TOP MINE**

MINE EH? I'M MAC MORGAN

I'VE GOT MY EYE OUT FOR SOME NEW GOLD GROUND! TODAY I'M LUGGING MY PROSPECTING GEAR UP INTO THE HILLS BACK OF TOWN TO SEE WHAT I CAN FIND!

...YOU GOT PROSPECTING GEAR AND A MINE? I KNOW A SPOT THAT SHOWS LOTS OF COLOR... NEAR AN OLD INDIAN VILLAGE ON SHALE MOUNTAIN!

...YOU KNOW THE SPOT AND I'VE GOT THE EQUIPMENT! IT'S SETTLED THEN! I'M READY TO LEAVE WHENEVER YOU ARE!

...REMEMBER MY TERMS! WE SPLIT ALL DUST 50-50!

LATER, ON THE SHALE MOUNTAIN TRAIL...

NOT MUCH FARTHER, AND THEN WE CAN START DIGGIN'!

LOOKS LIKE PRETTY FAIR GROUND TO... HOLD ON... **LOOK** THERE... ISN'T THAT...

AS MAC AND JESS INCHED ALONG THE TRAIL, UP AHEAD STOOD A YOUNG INDIAN GIRL, OBVIOUS OF THE WHIPPING WINDS, COMPLETELY ENGROSSED IN GATHERING THE COLORFUL MOUNTAIN FLOWERS GROWING ON THE STEEP SLOPES!



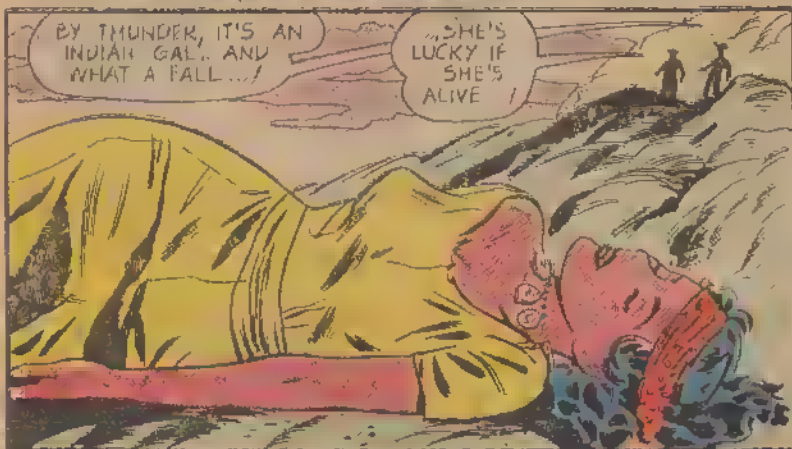
BLACK FURY

SHE WAS YELLOW FAWN, DAUGHTER OF THE CHOCTAW CHIEF, TALL FEATHER! SUDDENLY, REALIZING THAT SOMEONE IS APPROACHING, SHE TURNS WITH A START, AND...



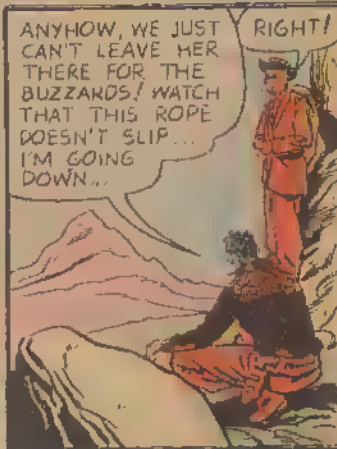
BY THUNDER, IT'S AN INDIAN GAL.. AND WHAT A FALL...!

"SHE'S LUCKY IF SHE'S ALIVE!"



ANYHOW, WE JUST CAN'T LEAVE HER THERE FOR THE BUZZARDS! WATCH THAT THIS ROPE DOESN'T SLIP... I'M GOING DOWN...

RIGHT!



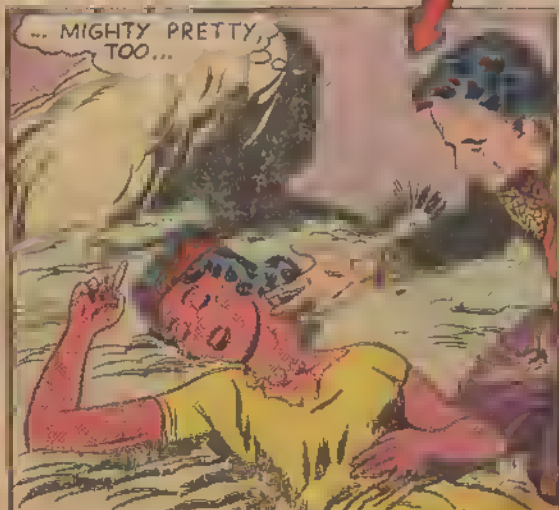
SHE LOOKS A LITTLE YOUNG TO BE A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER...



... AND DOESN'T WEIGH HARDLY ANYTHING EITHER!



... MIGHTY PRETTY, TOO...



BLACK FURY

SOON AFTER THE PAIR REACH SAFETY THE GIRL OPENS HER BROWN EYES AND STARES FEARFULLY ABOUT

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, YOUNGSTER! YOU'RE ALMOST AS GOOD AS NEW... LOOKS LIKE ONLY A SPRAINED ANKLE TO ME!

BUT WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH HER?



SUDDENLY, A BLOOD-CURDLING CRY SPLITS THE AIR...

WAAH-YAHOO-EEAY-WAH!

WHAT THE...?!

JUMPIN' BLUE BLAZES!



OUT OF NOWHERE APPEARS TALL FEATHER, WISE CHIEF OF THE CHOCTAWS. AT A GLANCE HE APPRAISES THE SITUATION...

YOU HAVE SAVED MY DAUGHTER'S LIFE, MY GOOD FRIENDS! THE CHOCTAW NATION IS INDEBTED TO YOU... COME... FOLLOW ME AND I WILL LEAD YOU TO GOLD ENOUGH FOR TEN CHIEFS!

WHAT'S THAT?

HUH? SAY...



TALL FEATHER SENT HIS DAUGHTER BACK TO CAMP WITH A BRAVE, AND THEN LED THE TWO PROSPECTORS DIRECTLY OVER THE MOUNTAIN...

I DON'T TRUST THIS REDSKIN... WE'RE ACTIN' LIKE DURN FOOLS... SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE YOUNG UN THERE TO DIE!

WE MUST TRUST HIM... WE'VE NO CHOICE!



THEY REACHED A SMALL VALLEY...AND BESIDE A HUGE PROJECTING ROCK JESS AND MAC WERE ORDERED TO DISMOUNT!

THERE YOU ARE...YOURS FOR THE TAKING!

BLUE BLAZES!

YAHOOOO!



GOLD! GOLD!

YOU, MY FRIENDS, TAKE ALL YOU WANT, WHENEVER YOU DESIRE... BUT BRING NO OTHER WHITE MAN HERE!

DON'T WORRY, TALL FEATHER, WE'RE NOT LOCO!!



A NEW SCIENTIFIC TOY!

NUTTY PUTTY

ONLY \$1.00

NUTTY PUTTY...

real crazy!!! A liquid solid! Amazing and fun! Roll into a ball, it bounces! Hit with hammer - it shatters! Pull it slowly - it stretches! Press it on a comic book and it steals a perfect impression in color... Leave it alone and it sinks into a tired little puddle. Comes in a leakproof plastic egg... You'll relax with this one - and really have a ball.

It is made of the wonder material your parents have read about in Life, Time, and other magazines. Truly a great new toy. This is the real THING.

BOUNCE IT..



HIT IT..



IT'S GREAT FUN!

MOLD IT...



STRETCH IT...

Order now
Return this
ad - out a

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

LUCKY PRODUCTS DEPT. NCH

Castle Place, L. I., N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Here is my dollar. Please rush Nutty Putty. If I am not completely satisfied, I can return merchandise for full refund. Canada and foreign orders send \$1.50 postal money order.

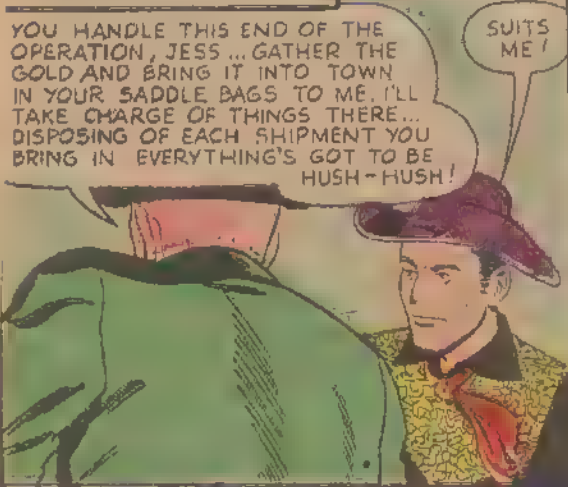
Name _____

Address _____

State _____

BLACK FURY

JESS BAILY AND MAC MORGAN WERE PRACTICALLY STRANGERS, BUT FATE MADE THEM PARTNERS... WEALTHY PARTNERS! THEY BEGAN MAKING PLANS AT ONCE...



YOU HANDLE THIS END OF THE OPERATION, JESS... GATHER THE GOLD AND BRING IT INTO TOWN IN YOUR SADDLE BAGS TO ME. I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THINGS THERE... DISPOSING OF EACH SHIPMENT YOU BRING IN EVERYTHING'S GOT TO BE HUSH-HUSH!

SUITS ME!

SO JESS STAYED ON TO WORK THE CLAIM AND MAC LEFT TO HANDLE HIS DUTIES IN TOWN... BUT MAC DIDN'T GO FAR... ONLY DOWN THE TRAIL LESS THAN A MILE...



I NEED A PARTNER LIKE I NEED A HOLE IN THE HEAD... BUT I KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO FIX THINGS... HEH... HEH...



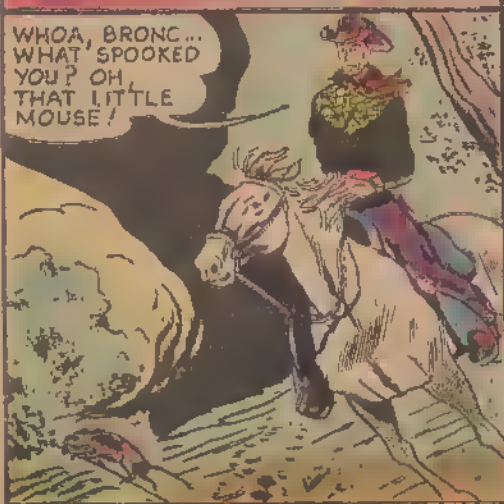
IT WASN'T MUCH LATER WHEN JESS CAME POUNDING ALONG THE TRAIL WITH A LOAD OF YELLOW DUST, NOT SUSPECTING THAT HE RODE TOWARD HIS DOOM!



AT THIS RATE WE'LL BE RICH IN NO TIME!

SUDDENLY A FIELD MOUSE, STARTLED BY THE ONCOMING HOOFES, DARTED FROM THE SHADE OF A THICKET...

WHOA, BRONC... WHAT SPOOKED YOU? OH THAT LITTLE MOUSE!



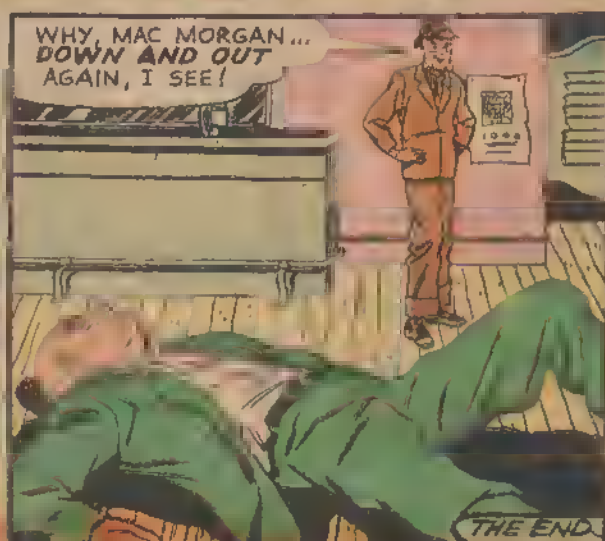
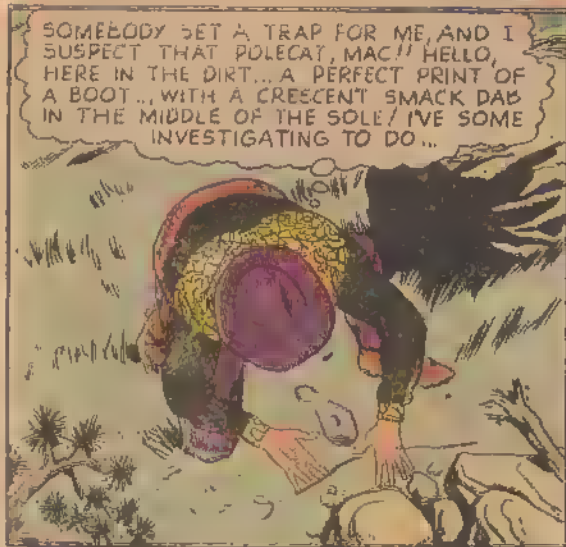
THE LITTLE BODY HIT THE TRIP STRING, AND...



THUNDERATION!! WHAT HAPPENED...



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I'll be happy to send you without you paying a penny, this lovable, young miniature DOG that is so tiny you can carry it in your pocket or hold it in one hand, yet it barks and is a reliable watch dog as well as a pet. You can keep it in a shoe box and enjoy many amusing hours teaching it tricks. active, healthy, intelligent and

clean. Simply hand out only 20 get-acquainted coupons to friends and relatives to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. I enjoy my own lively, tiny dog so much. It is such wonderful company that I'm sure you'll simply love one yourself.

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo, or Kodak picture when writing for your Miniature Dog. We will make you a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS about our bargain hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only 19c and a few cents for our C.O.D., plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movie-tone" frame at no extra cost. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame.

Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES with your picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

I'm so anxious to send you a miniature dog that I hope you will send me your name, address and favorite snapshot, right away and get your 20 enlargement coupons to hand out. Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager.

DEAN STUDIOS Dept. X-455, 211 W. 7th St., DES MOINES 2, IOWA

MRS. RUTH LONG
DEAN STUDIOS, DEPT. X-455
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Color _____ Color _____
Eyes _____ Hair _____

Name **NARFSTAR**

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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Don't Be Half A Man!

Let Me PROVE I Can Make You a REAL HE MAN
from Head to Toe—in Just 15 Minutes a Day!

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- Always Tired?
- Nervous?
- Shy and Lacking in Confidence?
- Overweight and Short of Breath?
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- Suffering from Bad Breath?
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- Slow at Sports?
- Do You Want to Gain Weight?
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NOBODY would ever call an Atlas Champion "Half A Man." They wouldn't dare. And nobody has to settle for "Second Best" . . . be "pneched around" by heckler fellows . . . or go through life feeling HALF-ALIVE. CHARLES ATLAS, himself, tells you what you can do about it—and FAST—right on this page!

Take a good honest look at yourself! Are you proud of your body or are you satisfied to go through life being just "half the man" you could be?

NO MATTER how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be—how old or young you are—you have the DORMANT muscle power in your God-given body to be a real HE-MAN. Believe me, I know because I was once a 97-pound HALF-ALIVE weakling. People laughed at my build . . . I was ashamed to strip for sports . . . shy of girls . . . afraid of competition.

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